

# AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE,

AND

## FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

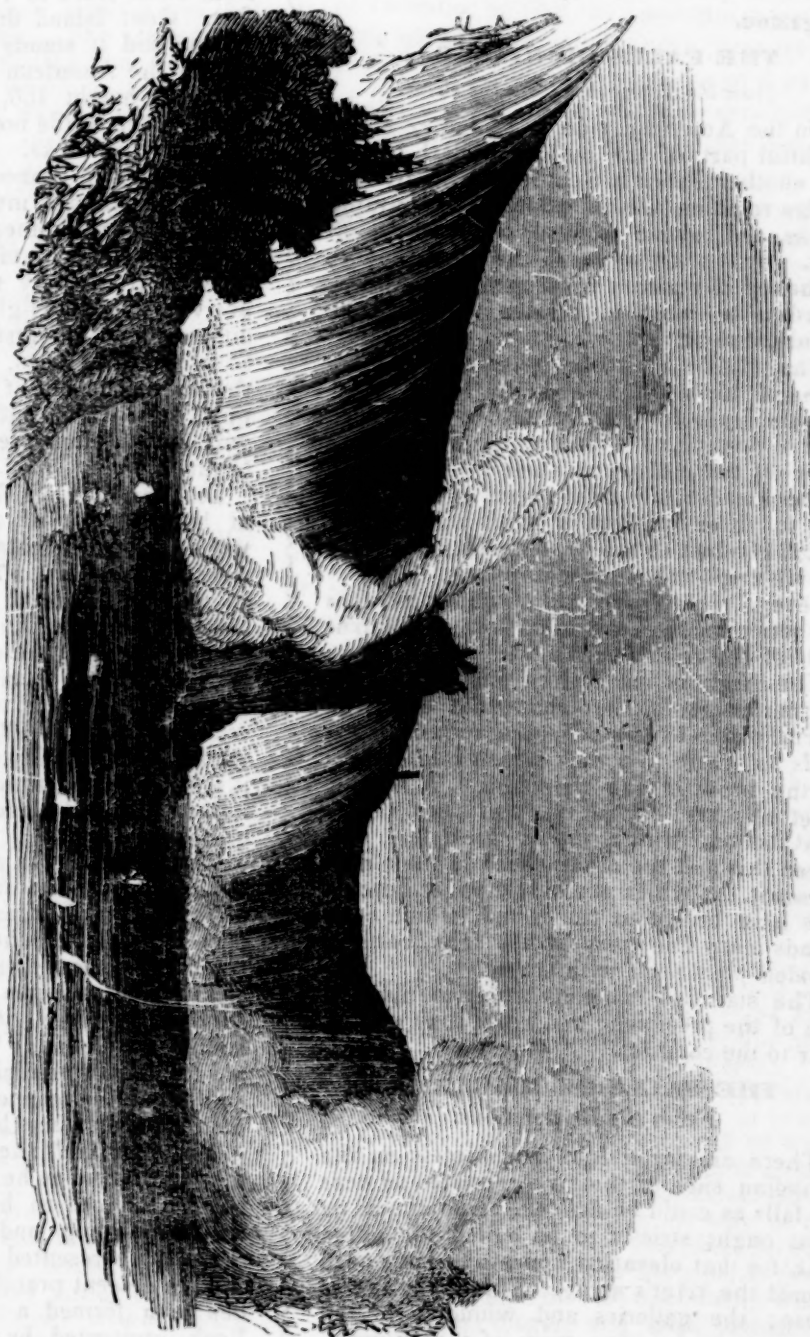
EDITED BY THEODORE DWIGHT, JR. }  
Express Office, 112 Broadway.

{ PRICE 3 CENTS, SINGLE, OR  
{ \$1 a Year, in Advance, by mail

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1845.

No. 26.



### THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Many of our readers, while on their travels this season, will doubtless be gratified by having some of the principal statistics relating to Niagara ready at hand, to refresh their memories. Those who stay at home could hardly find a subject more fitted for agreeable reflection in the heats of summer, than the greatest cataract in the world, with its resplendent foam and cooling vapors.

Like all other pictures of Niagara, this is far from satisfying the eye, or conveying any adequate idea of the majestic object it represents. The magnitude of nature is there altogether too disproportioned to the size of any print, especially a small one; and a slight error in the line of the descending water conveys too much the effect of a mill-dam. In fact the sight of the cataract itself

seldom produces a full impression, until leisure has been taken to compare the mighty mass of water with some standard; but, when once an adequate idea has been formed, when the eye has at length adopted a true scale, then, and ever after, something like a correct estimate is entertained of the sublimity and magnificence of the scene.

The following extract we make from the Northern Traveller, a work heretofore published in six editions by the editor of this Magazine.

#### THE FALLS OF NIAGARA,

*From the American Side.—See Print.*

On the American side a bridge crosses a frightful part of the rapids to Bath Island, and another thence to Goat Island. Part of a bridge remains, which extended to Terrapin Rocks, and beyond to the brow of the cataract. By it you may reach the Stone Tower, to the top of which a winding staircase leads, affording a most impressive view of the awful scene below.

The Biddle Staircase, erected at the expense of the late Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia, leads from Iris Island to the bottom of the precipice. You descend first by stone steps 40 feet, between stone walls, then by 88 steps under a wooden cover, which brings you to three pathways with some steps, which conduct to the water's edge, whence the view upward is most imposing.

Several picturesque and romantic avenues and rocky recesses are to be seen at different parts of the river's banks.

The height of the fall on this side is 160 feet perpendicular, but somewhat broken in several places by the projecting rocks. It extends 300 yards to a rock which interrupts it on the brow of the precipice. A narrow sheet appears beyond it, and then comes Goat Island, with a mural precipice. Between this and the other shore is the Grand Crescent, for which see a few pages beyond. The long bridge to the island, which commands many fine views of the falls, rests on wooden piers sunk with stones.

The staircase conducts safely to the bottom of the precipice; and boats may row up near to the cataract.

#### THE FALLS OF NIAGARA—

*From the British Side.*

There are large Inns and Hotels on the Canadian side of the river, situated as near the falls as could be desired. One stands on what ought strictly to be called the *upper bank*, for that elevation appears to have once formed the river's shore. This is the larger house; the galleries and windows in the rear command a fine view of the cataract, although not an entire one, and overlook the rapids and river for several miles above.

Following a footpath through the pasture behind this house, the stranger soon finds himself on the steep brow of the *second bank*, and the mighty cataract of Niagara suddenly opens beneath him.

*Table Rock* is a projection a few yards from the cataract, which commands a fine view of this magnificent scene. Indeed it is usually considered the *finest* point of view. The height of the fall on this side is said to be 174 feet perpendicular; and this height the vast sheet of foam preserves unbroken, quite round the Grand Crescent, a distance, it is estimated, of 700 yards. The distance from *Table Rock* to *Termination Rock* is 153 feet. *Goat Island* divides the cataract, and just beyond it stands an isolated rock. The fall on the American side is in breadth 900 feet, the height 160, and about two thirds the distance to the bottom the sheet is broken by projecting rocks. A bridge built from the American side connects *Goat Island* and the main land, though invisible from this spot.

It may be recommended to the traveller to visit this place as often as he can, and to view it from every neighbouring point; as every change of light exhibits it under a different and interesting aspect. The rainbows are to be seen, from this side, only in the afternoon; but at that time the clouds of mist, which are continually rising from the gulf below, often present them in the utmost beauty.

Dr. Dwight gives the following estimates, in his Travels, of the quantity of water which passes the cataract of Niagara. The river at the ferry is 7 furlongs wide, and on an average 25 feet. The current probably runs six miles an hour; but supposing it to be only 5 miles, the quantity that passes the falls in an hour, is more than 85 millions of tons avoirdupois; if we suppose it to be 6, it will be more than 102 millions; and in a day would be 2400 millions of tons. The noise, it is said, is sometimes heard at Toronto, 50 miles. *Table Rock* is 66 feet below the level of Lake Erie.

The *Rapids* begin about half a mile above the cataract. The inhabitants of the neighborhood regard it as certain death to get once involved in them. Instances are on record of persons being carried down by the stream; but no one is known to have ever survived. Indeed, it is very rare that the bodies are found. Wild ducks, geese, &c. are frequently precipitated over the cataract, and generally reappear either dead or with their legs, or wings broken.

The most sublime scene is presented to the observer when he views the cataract from below; and there he may have an opportunity of going under the cataract. This scene is represented in the plate. To render the descent practicable, a spiral staircase has been formed a little way from *Table Rock*, supported by a tall mast; and the stranger descends without fear, because his view is confined. On reaching the bottom,



a rough path among the rocks winds along at the foot of the precipice, although the heaps of loose stones which have fallen down, keep it at a considerable height above the water. A large rock lies on the very brink of the river, about 15 feet long and 8 feet thick, which you may climb up by means of a ladder, and enjoy the best central view of the falls anywhere to be found. This rock was formerly a part of the projection above, and fell about 30 years ago, with a tremendous roar.

In proceeding nearer to the sheet of falling water, the path leads far under the excavated bank, which in one place forms a roof that overhangs about 40 feet. The vast column of water continually pouring over the precipice, produces violent whirls in the air; and the spray is driven out with such force, that no one can approach to the edge of the cataract, or even stand a few moments near it, without being drenched to the skin. It is also very difficult to breathe there, so that persons with weak lungs would act prudently to content themselves with a distant view, and by no means to attempt to go under the cataract. The celebrated navigator Captain Basil Hall, on a visit here in 1827, found that the air under the cataract is not compressed; but he considered the gusts of wind more violent than any gale he had ever witnessed. Those who are desirous of exploring this tremendous cavern, should attend very carefully to their steps.

In the summer of 1827, an old schooner called the *Michigan*, was towed by a row-boat to the margin of the rapids, where she was abandoned to her fate. Thousands of persons had assembled to witness the descent. A number of wild animals had been inhumanly placed on her deck, confined, to pass the cataract with her. She passed the first fall of the rapids in safety, but struck a rock at the second and lost her masts. There she remained an instant, until the current turned her round and bore her away. A bear here leaped overboard and swam to the shore. The vessel soon filled and sank, so that only her upper works were afterwards visible. She went over the cataract almost without being seen, and in a few moments the basin was perceived all scattered with her fragments, which were very small. A cat and a goose were the only animals found alive below.

*The Burning Spring.* About half a mile above the falls, and within a few feet of the rapids in Niagara River, is a remarkable Spring. The water, which is warm, turbid, and surcharged with sulphurated hydrogen gas, rises in a barrel which has been placed in the ground, and is constantly in a state of ebullition. The barrel is covered, and the gas escapes only through a copper tube. On bringing a candle within a little distance of it, the gas takes fire, and continues to burn with a bright flame until blown out.

While on the Canada side of the falls, the visiter may vary his time very agreeably, by visiting the village of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, in this vicinity; which, during the late war with Great Britain, were the scenes of two sharp contests.

### LIVELY SKETCHES OF ITALY.

#### Neapolitan Invective.

NO. I.

(Selected from an unpublished *Journal of Tracts*, for the *Am Penny Magazine*)

While in quarantine at Naples, I accepted an invitation to visit the Lazaretto, a curious little island, with subterranean passages and store houses, under the guidance of a native of the country. The following specimen of his manners and language will give a pretty correct idea of many of his countrymen.

The old man, though evidently vexed at the interruption made by some of the guard boats, did not allow a word to escape him until the whole party were landed at a little platform on the yellow volcanic rock, round which the water raved like madness in chains, from time to time, as the swell came in, at intervals of a minute or two. One might have supposed it was the uproar and apparent danger which kept him from his usual volubility on trying occasions. At last, as we stood on the rock, at a place where a dark cavern opened, and one of no very inviting appearance, and saw the dashing of the waves, which almost reached his feet, we felt as if the danger was by no means over. Not so with the old man. He took only time enough to pry into the condition of things around him; and, having peeped round one projecting corner of the rocks, then another, afterwards felt his way into the excavation, and finally penetrated into it, leading us through to a little garden above. He then drew his pipe from his pocket, and lighted it with his steel, flint and touchwood; then laid his hand over the bowl, so that the wind could not affect it, and seemed deliberately to set himself about the work of fault-finding and unburthening heart.

In many men, and in most countries, it is believed, passions like those he felt are uttered in an instant; and, if repressed for a little time, only to subside and become more manageable. In Naples it is different. To postpone the gratification of them appears in no wise to diminish their force, or to cool their ardor. Still, to let them pass off without a volley of abuse or complaint, is a thing out of the question. It is considered one of those things which can in no way be dispensed with. He began, therefore, between the puffs which he gave his pipe, to growl out a few symptoms of discontent, which grew louder, longer, and more passionate, until he lashed himself sufficiently into a rage to spring upon his feet, and ejaculate and gesticulate with all his might. The pro-

fligate boatmen who were appointed to row round the vessels and watch the communication with the shore, first fell under his ban, and he picked their characters in pieces, as if he had been a vulture, or a competitor at an election for hog-herd or Senator of the Union.

They were always selected, he said, because they had been already proved good for nothing honest; they never could get preferment to that station, until they had gone through a regular course of iniquity, and fallen where good men would stand. "Oh, to come among wretches like these! the worst of all Naples, the off-casters of her gaming-houses and wine-shops!"

"There is one of those fellows whose family I knew when they lived in rags, begged of the strangers I used to conduct to see the ruins near Bauli, and now talks their barbarous dialect. He got to be a billiard boy, and then by cheating more honest people, and myself among the rest, got to keeping a shop, till he became disgraced, and now here he is in the employment of the police. The other, whom I used to know for a blackguard in Pozzuoli, dug a whole day for me with his hands, to find something he hoped to get a *Grano* for in the ruins of the *Tempio d'Iside*, and ran bare-headed, bare-footed and almost naked after me, to get the money for nothing, to the *Villa de Cicerone*. For this great distinction I suppose, for this education, he set up as a Cicerone himself, and has beguiled many an English traveller in his time. He is not so bad, however, as a cousin of his who is now in the same business; for he did not know enough ever to be sure that what he told for a lie, might not, by some accident, prove true.

"Oh, my friends!" exclaimed the old man, "To be insulted and overborne by such vile trash of this world, is the hardest part of my lot. Look at me! an old man, respected and bowed to in my time; once with money to spend and money to lend, money to lose and money to abuse,—bowed to, complimented, petitioned, supplicated for assistance by the ancestors of these rabble-tags, now obliged to turn this way or that for fear of them, while they go skulking about these waters, landing at the mole, snoring in the watch-house, insulting strangers on board the vessels they have to guard; eating, drinking, and sleeping like all the other villains they herd with!"

Here followed a list of appellatives; simple, compound and mixed, which it would have been in vain for the readiest writer to attempt to record, as they fell from the lips of the old man, or the most accomplished lexicographer to explain, if once written down. The torrent flowed on as if never to stop; and the readiness with which the hard epithets came out in uninterrupted succession, seemed to choke the ear of the

listener. Wit, keen and broad, direct and ironical by turns, oaths, indecent, impious and tremendous, followed each other as if the tongue had prepared the whole beforehand. A sudden pause and a single puff at his pipe, would now and then change the whole course of his thoughts; and what was more shocking would instantly give way to a light and humorous kind of raillery, that was irresistibly ludicrous, but no less severe.

"They are very jolly, these rogues at our expense; well may they be content in a boat; it is a better, and a cleaner, and a more respectable bed than that they were born or bred in. It is better than their fathers or brothers have got this moment. Bauli is degraded, and Pozzuoli has got poor folks; but there can be no wretches, and certainly no rogues worthy of the names, while this boat's crew keeps the water. You may ask the beggars what they like better than money, and they will tell the scarcity of fleas. You may ask them, when they ever knew such a phenomenon, and they will say when Antonio and Luigi take leave of their friends.

"O my American!" suddenly exclaimed the old man, interrupting himself in the middle of his discourse, "You have come to Naples so see its antiquities, its famous sites, and to trace out scenes rendered illustrious by the great. Is it not gratifying to find those places occupied by such worthy successors? The greatest navigators of ancient times, have sailed in this beautiful bay. I doubt whether the crew of the largest galley could have been as numerous as the party that accompanies these modern heroes; and I am sure they could not have been more active or bloody. The desire of glory that impelled the greatest warrior, never kept him in such a state of restlessness, as the fleas keep these low-bred scoundrels. If there were any hope of escape, if there were any medicine provided to cure such a fever, a man might travel, my dear friend, to America itself, and risk his life among the Spaniards, to get the privilege of a little respite from these felonious insects.

"Sink such wretches in Vesuvius; drowning is too good for them. Brimstone, brimstone, is the stuff to exterminate such scoundrels and such tribes of vermin."

Here the old man burst out once more into a most violent fit, which, if I had been a better judge I should have looked upon as a pretty certain sign of the breaking up of the storm. The truth was, he had nearly wearied himself; and, having no opponent to stimulate him, he began to stop his invective when, under more favorable, and more common circumstances, he would have looked upon himself as at the exordium of his discourse. So rare a place is Naples for wordy brawls, for the abuse of time, language and one another; so naturally does the drawling dialect of the vicinity flow into scurrility and curses; so unnumbered, unrecorded, and for-



gotten, pass daily by the jests and jibes, which the passionate but bloodless outcasts of the city daily exhaust upon each other.

"When I get back to my hermitage," said the old man, "these scoundrels will come to me on a hot, lazy day, to beg a cup of wine, or a bit of bread. I have given better men than they ever were or will be, of the products of my garden. And they know it. They, who in spite of their imprudence, if they were to see the white walls of my Casino a league off on the side of Vesuvius, among the vineyards that surround it, if they thought there was the least chance of getting anything from me, would row one half the way against the Levante, and walk the rest with their bare legs, to come and bend their backs like an old rope, and call me 'Padrone, and ask *an poco de vino*—caremba! And they would know I could not refuse it. They know I would not; they know they would get it, and that they would abuse me again whenever I wanted next to go to see a friend, if they had wine and I none. O the vile Baulian and Pozzuolite!

"American! you have no idea; you have none, what they are. One is a thief, the other is an assassin. If you meet a man in Naples, in a dark corner, with a head that never had a hat on, a foot never acquainted with a shoe, trousers shorter than anybody's else—there, there, so far do Antonio's come—six inches above his knee. O the galley-slave! Not a grano in his pocket, and never was and never shall be; nay, no pocket, Caremba! not such a waste would the fool be guilty of, who made his clothes and got nothing for his labor,—not a pocket has he to catch the dust in; mind and keep away from him; he carries an old rusty poniard, and he would kill a man, a stranger, to brighten it, sooner than pay the expense of grinding, at half a carlino a day.

"And then there is his companion, him you may see about the Piazza del Castello. He lies in the smallest shade, most distant from the one hundred and fifty beggars who usually live there, where a chameleon would die for want of air, and a salamander from excess of heat; there he lies day by day, and week by week, shunned by the others, as they by us. Avoid him as you would a pestilence. If the plague is on one side of the street and he on the other, pass to the former, and die if you must. Gentlemen and honest people have died of the plague—nobody but Antonio is born to be killed by fleas. Oh the starved lizard! He never was seen with a mouthful of food, nor an ounce of flesh on his bones. He is a lean, sour, hateful, despicable, creeping wretch—the sun bakes him, the rain soaks him, the thunder sours him like milk, and then the fleas, oh, the fleas! But pazienza! they take vengeance on him for me."

### Overlooking One's Neighbors.

BY AN OFFICER'S WIDOW.

"Here lies my Aunt Charity, who died of a Frenchman."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Overlooking one's neighbors is a very bad habit; it is unjustifiable as well as unprofitable: and I therefore wish every one to understand, that this specimen is a solitary exception to my general rule of conduct, and that the peculiar circumstances of the case rendered this offence against good neighbourhood almost unavoidable. My room was a back one in the second story, and my windows commanded a view of our own yard and several others adjacent. An alley, of less than four feet in width, divided us from our neighbors on the right side, and led to a building of two stories, which was directly in the rear of the front one. Their yard was quite large for a city, and, wonderful to relate, and hard to be believed, there was a sufficient space beyond it, enclosed by a dilapidated fence, to entitle it to the name of a garden; though the only crop its surface bore, was a plentiful one of rags, old shoes, brimless hats, bones, and stray pieces of Anthracite coal.

On the morning of that eventful day, the 1st of May, as I sat reading, I was somewhat annoyed, by a grand "turn out," in view from my window. Scarcely had the occupants of the rear building commenced emptying the old straw out of their "bed sacks," as they would be called in the army, and set out three-legged tables, and backless chairs, preparatory to carrying them through the narrow alley to some other abode, when an invasion of new tenants took place through the confined passage-way. The "inward bound," it could be seen at one glance, were not like the "outward bound," Hibernians; but, judging from the little dogs, and bird and squirrel cages, were unquestionably "from the vine-covered hills, and gay regions of France."

A scene of confusion ensued, which can happen in no part of the United States but New York, where, in strict conformity with the usages of Holland, all leases are dated from the 1st of May. Of course, all who wish to change their residence must move out of their houses while other families are moving in, and take possession of their new ones while the late occupants are moving out. How each contrives to secure all his own goods and chattels, without adding to his stock from his neighbor's, and vice versa, is inconceivable to one uninitiated in the mysteries of May-day.

After many colloquies in diverse languages, in which the national oaths of La Belle France, and the Emerald Isle predominated, after two or three little Paddies had got pretty soundly cuffed, and roared; "Och, murder! you kilt me entirely;" after the dogs were tired of barking, and kept quiet except an occasional yelp, when some heavy-heeled

Irishwoman trod on their tails; after the parrots had screeched "Down with the Lillies!" to their heart's content, the tumult began to subside; the channel of communication became sufficiently cleared to admit of the exit of the "ould residents," as the Irish called themselves, and their movables; the last basket of potatoes had been carried out, and the last bunch of onions brought in, and the yard echoed exclusively, the language of "La Grande Nation." "Mon Dieu," and "Sacre!" succeeded to "Och Botheration!" and "Come out of that you little tormint!" long noses usurped the place of hanging under lips; and, before night, the French colony had settled themselves, somewhat after the manner of bees that have swarmed; though, from the incessant chattering which accompanied all their movements, they might be more aptly compared to a convention of monkies.

There were two families in the front house. One consisted of a coarse-looking man of nearly fifty; with a very handsome wife of nineteen or twenty; The other was a bachelor's establishment of several young men, with an aged West India negress as a servant of all work. On the lower floor of the wing nestled a man, his wife and several small children; and above them were stowed away, a paralytic man of middle age, his mother of seventy, or upwards, a little daughter of ten, and a mahogany-faced female domestic.

Fatigued with the labors of the day, they all retired early to rest; the noise as of many magpies ceased, and nothing was heard from them until early the next morning. The first object that struck my attention on rising, was the palsied man, at the almost hopeless task of clearing his portion of the enclosed piece of ground; while the rest of his family were laughing and singing as merrily as birds in a spring morning. Before I went down to my breakfast, he had taken his frugal one with his family, at their open windows, so that I could not avoid seeing them. A slice of bread and a cup of coffee for each, a small raw onion for the three older ones, and the stalks for the little girl, was their simple fare. After it was over, the poor cripple resumed his labors in the garden; and so industriously did he employ his feeble energies, that, to my astonishment, by sun-set, not only had he removed all the rubbish from its surface, but it was laid out neatly in beds, and they were green with the tops of transplanted onions, giving a promise, which was afterwards fulfilled, of a fine supply of his favorite vegetable.

They were a very merry set in that part of the house, full of gesticulation and excitability. The four families generally met in the evening, in the lame man's room, or sat on the steps of the front house, which were broad, and amused themselves by looking at the passers-by. One Sunday evening, however, a new member of the fraternity made his appearance. That he was not of their

nation, though among them, was very apparent. He was seated on the lower step, and continued, in spite of the numbers which constantly passed him, to sing, in a loud voice, one New England psalm-tune after another, beating time most indefatigably with his right hand, in the most approved singing-school style. Some of the young gentlemen, who were our fellow-boarders, amused by his appearance, commenced a conversation with him, by which they ascertained that he was a Connecticut orphan, had been "bound out" to a hard master, and, not liking his situation, had run away. He had made for New York, and been picked up, nearly starving, by the Frenchmen, and employed in their shop; but he said he should not stay, for "they danced Sundays, and smelt too strong of onions for him." He accordingly disappeared a day or two after.

Occasionally, the little girl, with her hair completely hid by a huge turban of very thick yellow calico, would come into our kitchen, with a little shovel in her hand, saying "feu, feu," to beg some coals to light their fire. The mistress of our house, who had a great taste for fun, dubbed her "Sancho Maria," (Santa Maria,) and used to astonish the child, by running over a long list of words which she pretended were French, but which were equally unintelligible to her and to us, and which bore about the same resemblance to the language of France, that *Bog Latin* does to that of the ancient Romans. The effect of her speeches was uniformly the same. After staring until her large black eyes became double their usual size, Sancho Maria made as speedy an exit as possible, and ran through the alley, and up the stairs, to her father's room, for safety. I used often to wish I could know what account she gave her grandmother of these addresses.

One night, our whole neighbourhood, French and American, was thrown into consternation by the breaking out of a fire, in a three-story house directly back of us, in the next street. Such a variety of night dresses was never before seen as our foreign neighbors exhibited; and though the fire was too near for safety, it was impossible to keep from laughing at the group there gathered.—There was a pile of wood about four feet high, and on it several had mounted, apparently for the sake of obtaining a better view of the conflagration, though why they supposed that would aid them, when there was no obstruction between them and the flames, I could not imagine. But there they were, old grandmother and all, her arms thrown aloft, and her grey hairs literally "streaming to the wind," as she joined her shrill voice in the general chorus of "Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu! Feu, feu!" &c., and finally in the extremity of her fear, threw her arms around Joseph, the youngest, and handsomest of the young men. He too seemed a good deal alarmed, but whether by the fire, or by the old lady,



was left in doubt, as he only exclaimed "Diable !"

Often their day closed by a fete in the cripple's room. The servant girl, who, after washing all day, with her tub on the ground, and her head bent down until her face almost touched the suds, looking like an immense measuring worm, would join with great delight in a dance, which is, I believe, peculiar to the French. The persons, at intervals, strike their hands in measured time on their sides, then together; then crossing them, they strike those of the person opposite.—The grandmother joined too, with as much zeal and activity as the youngest; and, as females were scarce, she was quite a belle.—On some occasions, when the weather was not too warm, she flourished about, in a very long-waisted, dark, calico gown, with large bright-colored flowers stamped upon it; a very dressy cap, *a la mode de Paris*, trimmed with a profusion of gay ribbons. But her usual dress was a flannel jacket, with sleeves; a short, full petticoat of the same: both meant for white, but by bad washing turned to the color of weak coffee; a black silk cap made tight to her scalp, her grey hair braided and brought out below it at the back of her head, and carried over to the front, and there fastened. In this costume she waltzed with Joseph, while her son spun round the room, dragging his paralytic limb, with the servant maid, whose complexion, sufficiently burnt by working in the fields at home, was doubly red on washing-day evening. After a glass of lemonade, or some substitute, a general kissing, on both cheeks, accompanied the "adieu" and "bon soir," in which the mistress and servant maid shared equally, it being "a round game."

*To be concluded.*

*Truth and Fiction.*—The prevailing taste of the present day, has often impressed us with serious and sad reflections. It pervades all classes, and engrosses the leisure time of millions, occupies much of their attention in their varied business, and materially affects their characters and their lives. It is the love of fiction—a general devotion to the perusal of writings produced by those whose pens are devoted at once to the subservience of a perverted taste, and to the work of perverting it still further. And what a scene does the survey of the literary habits of our countrymen present! What rational, experienced and well balanced mind can avoid the apprehension of most extensive and wide-spread ill effects, from the overwhelming flood of novels by which we are inundated, and the disappearance of those solid works which alone afford real sus-

tenance for the intellect, the heart, and the character?

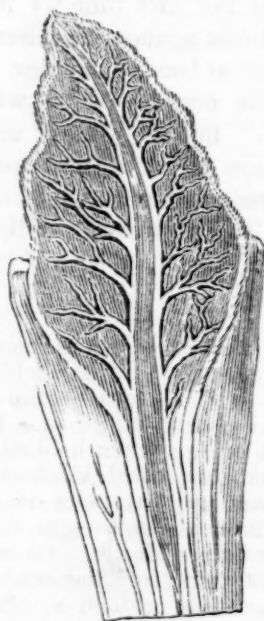
This is not the first time we have taken the pen to protest against the miserable taste of the day, or at least to indulge in an expression of the heartfelt regret which daily oppresses us. But so almost universal is the fashion now followed, that there is little prospect of producing much effect, or even of obtaining a single reader. Still, there is some relief in lamenting, even if it be to the winds.

*An Early Settler.*—The sermon by Rev. E. Clark, preached at Middlefield, Ms., on the occasion of the death of the late Dea. David Mack, has been published.—Dea. Mack was 94 years of age when he died, and had been an inhabitant of Middlefield 70 years, having removed to that place in 1775, then nearly a wilderness—only eight families residing within its boundaries. He commenced there with 50 acres of land which he purchased for a horse, valued at \$40. From this small beginning he accumulated great wealth, contributions from which have been made at various times to benevolent objects to more than \$18,000. His advantages for education, like others, in the early settlements, were very limited; he attended school only six weeks previous to his marriage, and afterward went to school with his first child. Hon. David Mack, of Amherst, was in the same class, and oftentimes emulated in the studies pursued by his class-mate. His descendants number upward of 200, and he lived to see eight or ten of the fifth generation.—*Northampton Courier.*

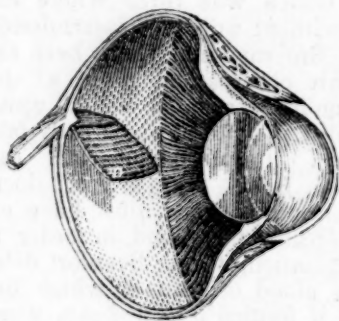
*Locusts.*—One of those living clouds of locusts, which was three whole days and nights, without apparent intermission, passing over Smyrna, must have been according to accurate observations made at the time, three hundred yards in depth, upwards of forty miles in width, and nearly 500 miles in length. Capt. Basil Hall calculates that the least number of locusts in this enormous swarm must have exceeded 168,608,563,200,000; and in order to assist the imagination, Capt. Beaufort determined that this cloud of locusts, which he saw at Smyrna, if formed into a heap, would have exceeded in magnitude more than a thousand and thirty times the largest pyramid of Egypt; or, if they had been placed on the ground close together, they would have encircled the globe with a band a mile and a furlong wide. Indeed, History tells us that when these conquering legions are subdued by tempests, their bodies occasionally over-spread large tracts of country, even to four feet in depth, and when driven into the sea, have formed a bank against the shore, three or four feet in height, and extending for fifty miles.

## THE EYES OF ANIMALS.

(CONTINUED.)

*One of the Adjusting Leaves of an Ox's Eye.*

Who would think it possible, that, in each eye of every ox, there could be seventy or eighty minute collections of muscles, of so symmetrical a form, and traversed by blood-vessels of both kinds, viz., arteries and veins, and prepared to operate simultaneously, and without the consciousness of the animal, for the adaptation of the magnifier to the various distances necessary to form perfect images on the retina, of all the objects to which its attention may be directed? Yet such is the fact, although their size is minute, and the parts microscopic.

**The Eye of an Eagle.**

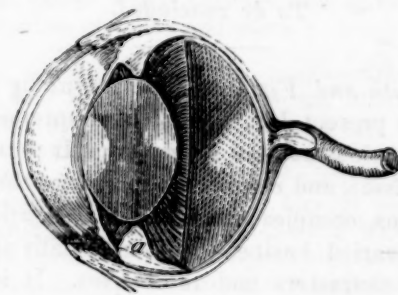
The positions of the eyes of most birds are on the sides of their heads, to enable them to see farther behind than most other animals. But they sometimes wish to look straight forward; and for this a curious contrivance is found, which is exhibited in this print of a section of an eagle's eye. *a* is a muscle, like a bit of skin, shaped something like a fan, called the *marsupium*, which is fastened to the back of the eye, passes through the retina, and, avoiding the line of

direct vision, for fear of intercepting it, attaches, with the other end, to the vitreous humour, near the inner edge of the magnifier. When this muscle contracts, the sight is directed forward.

While the exhibition of such parts of an animal's frame affords an astonishing proof of the Maker's wisdom, goodness and power, the development and explanation give gratifying evidence of the patient investigation and careful deductions of human science. "From dissections," says Dr. Wallace, "I believe it to be established, that the marsupium becomes smaller, in proportion as the direction of the eyes becomes parallel."

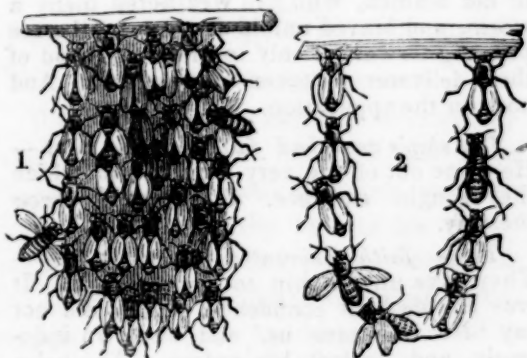
**Head of a Cat, Watching for Mice.**

Every one has observed the motionless attitude of the cat, while watching for her prey; but little do many people know what a curious arrangement is discernible in the structure of the eyes of grimaldin and her kind, to enable them to fix their gaze more perfectly upon their object.

**Eye of a Lynx.**

The arteries which supply the eyes of most animals with blood, are said to shake the magnifiers a little by their pulsations, so as to cause slight movements of the image on the retina. The eyes of the Lynx, and his congeners, show an extraordinary subdivision of the bloodvessels into many ramifications; and it is concluded, that the object of this is, to prevent the throbbings, and allow the magnifier to remain perfectly motionless.



**BEEES RESTING.**

This is one of the ways in which these curious insects take their rest, when fatigued with their useful labors. Like many of their other habits, this is one which it is not very easy to account for. It might be supposed that the labor necessary for the upper to support those below, would of itself require great exertion. Yet the positions in which the insects are here represented, as such as to show that harmonious spirit, so characteristic of them, and so indispensable to that cooperation by which they live and thrive.

*Superseding Gas.*—The rumors of a very interesting and astonishing discovery begin to be circulated in Paris. It consists in furnishing the means of lighting, simultaneously, all the different highways which cross France in all directions, by means of simple iron wires connected with electromagnetic machines. The utility of this discovery is immense, as it will render the roads as well lighted and safe as the most frequented streets of the capital. Several experiments have already been made on the road from Paris to a small town on the Havre road, which were crowned with entire success. Gas light is said to be nothing in comparison to that given by the above process.

*Royal Library of France.*—It now consists of nine hundred thousand printed volumes and seventy thousand considerable manuscripts, besides numberless maps, medals, engravings, and antiquities of every description. The vast edifice in which it is distributed is becoming daily more insufficient, but the immense expense of removal and the construction of a suitable receptacle arrests the Government in what, ere long, must be done. The practice of allowing volumes to be "taken home," has occasioned the loss of very many thousands, (twenty or more,) most of these precious. The collection is far too large for easy reference to works in any particular department.

**Dangers of Shipwreck.**

Several years since, being at a small seaport in Massachusetts, one of those easterly storms came on, which so often prove fatal to vessels and their crews on that coast.—The wind had blown strongly from the north-east for a day or two; and as it increased to a gale, fears were entertained for the safety of a fine ship, which had been from the commencement of the north-easter laying off and on in the bay, apparently without any decision on the part of her officers, which way to direct her course, and who had once or twice refused the offer of a pilot.

On the morning of the Sabbath, many an old weather-beaten tar was seen standing on the highest point of land in the place, looking anxiously at her through his glass, while others listened with trembling to his remarks on the apparently doomed vessel. She was completely land-locked, as sailors say, (that is surrounded by land,) except in the direction from which the wind blew; and as between her and the shore extensive sand banks intervened, her destruction was inevitable, unless she should make the harbor.

At length a number of resolute young men, perfectly acquainted with the intricate navigation of the bay and harbor, put off in a small schooner, determined, if possible, to bring her into port. A tremendous sea was rolling in the bay, and as the little vessel made her way out of the harbor, the scene became one of deep and exciting interest.—Now lifted up on the top of a dark wave, she seemed trembling on the verge of destruction, then plunging down into the trough of the sea was lost from our view, not even the top of her mast being visible, though probably 20 feet high; and a 'landsman' would exclaim, 'She has gone to the bottom.' Thus alternately rising and sinking, she at length reached the ship, hailed and tendered a pilot, which was again refused. Irritated by the refusal, the skipper put his little vessel about and stood in for the harbor, when a gun was discharged from the laboring vessel, and the signal for a pilot run up to her mast-head.

The little schooner was laid to the wind, and as the ship came up she was directed to follow in their wake until within range of the light-house, where a smoother sea would allow them to run along side and put a pilot on board. In a few minutes the vessels came side to side, passing each other, and the pilot springing into the ship's chains was soon on her deck.

The mysterious movements of the vessel were now explained. She had taken a pilot some days before, who was ignorant of his duty, and the crew, aware of his incompetency, were almost in a state of mutiny. When first hailed from the schooner the captain was below, but hearing the false pilot return the hail, went on deck, and deposing him from his trust, at once reversed his answer by firing the signal gun.

The new pilot having made the necessary inquiries about the working of the ship, requested the captain and his trustiest man to take the wheel; gave orders for the stations of the men, and charged the captain on the peril of his ship, not to change her course a hand-breadth, but by his order. His port and bearing were those of a man confident in his knowledge and ability to save the vessel, and as the sailors winked to each other and said, "That is none of your land sharks," it was evident that confidence and hope were reviving within them.

All the canvass she could bear was now spread to the gale, and while the silence of death reigned on board, she took her way on the larboard tack, directly toward the foaming breakers. On, on she flew, until it seemed from her proximity to those breakers, that her destruction was inevitable. 'Shall I put her about?' shouted the captain in tones indicative of intense excitement. 'Steady,' was the calm reply of the pilot, when the sea was boiling like a cauldron just under her bows. In another moment the same calm, bold voice, pronounced the order "About ship," and she turned her head from the breakers, and stood boldly off upon the other tack.

'He knows what he is about,' said the captain to the man at his side. 'He is an old salt, a sailor every yarn of him,' was the language of the seamen, one to another, and the trembling passengers began to hope. The ship now neared two sunken rocks, the places of which were marked by the angry breaking and boiling of the sea; and she seemed driving directly on them. 'Full and steady,' was pronounced in tones of calm authority by the pilot, who stood with folded arms in the ship's bows, the water drenching him completely as it broke over her bulwarks. She passed safely between them; the order for turning on the other tack was given, and again she stood towards the fearful breakers. Nearer and nearer she came, and still no order from the pilot; who stood like a statue calm and unmoved, amid the raging elements.—The vessel labored hard, as the broken foaming waves roared around her, and seemed just on the verge of striking, when "About ship," in a voice like thunder, rose above the fury of the tempest. Again she stood upon the starboard tack, and soon entered the harbor and cast anchor in safety. One hour later she could not have been rescued, for by the time she reached her anchorage no vessel could have carried a rag of sail in the open bay. Ship and crew, and passengers, more than one hundred in all, must have perished. When the order was given to 'Back the fore top sail and let go the anchor,' a scene ensued which might baffle the description of the painter or poet. The captain sprang from the wheel, and caught the pilot in his arms, the sailors and passengers crowded around.—Some hung upon his neck, others embraced his knees, and tears streamed down the faces

of old seamen, who had weathered many a storm, and braved untold dangers. All were pressing forward if only to grasp the hand of their deliverer in token of gratitude. And now for the application.

*The ship's crew had faith in their pilot.*—He came out of the very harbor into which they sought entrance. Of course he knew the way.

*Their faith amounted to confidence.*—They gave up the ship to his direction. It was an obedient confidence. They did not say 'He will save us,' and sit down indolently, and neglect his orders. The helm was turned, the sails were trimmed, and every rope loosened or tightened as he directed. Nor did they disobey, though sometimes apparently rushing into the jaws of destruction.

*It was an affectionate confidence.*—Said some on board, 'Never did human being look so lovely to me as did that pilot, when he first took his place in the ship's bows, and gave forth in confident tones his orders. And as he led us through one danger after another, he seemed more and more lovely:—And when we were safely anchored, I felt that I could die for him.'

*Such is faith in Christ.*—The sinner, struggling in the tempest of Sinai, while the law is thundering forth its curse on every offender: guilty and despairing; is directed to Jesus the heavenly pilot, who came forth from the haven of eternal rest, which he desires to enter. As he approaches, he discovers in him all that can give assurance of ability and willingness to save. He confides his soul to his merits, and wisdom, and love, giving up all other dependences and guides, and resting solely and entirely on him.

His too is an *obedient confidence*.—'Lord what wilt thou have me to do?' is his first inquiry, and from that hour he is ready to do whatsoever he commands him, and tho' he sees rocks and quicksands in his way, he still moves on in humble obedience, leaving the results with him.

It is an *affectionate confidence*. The moment he discovers Jesus as a Savior, he sees in him more than human beauty; and every step of his progress in the work of salvation endears the blessed Jesus to him more and more. He is ready to lay down his life (if need be) for his sake, so that it is written of many in heaven, 'They loved not their lives unto death.' Reader, have you this faith?

The ship's crew was saved by the unmerited favor of the pilot. They were saved by faith in him. They were saved by efforts in obedience to him. Favor the *procuring* cause. Faith the *instrumental* cause. Obedient efforts its *operative* cause. So we are saved by grace as the *procuring*, faith the *instrumental* cause, and obedience and love as the *operation* of that faith.



**THE REINDEER.**

From Regnard's Travels in Lapland, in 1681.

[For the Am. Penny Magazine.]

We were earnestly engaged in conversation, when we were informed that some Laplanders, with their Reindeer, were observed approaching the tops of the mountains. We sallied out to meet them, that we might have the pleasure of seeing their equipage and their march; but we fell in with three or four persons only, who carried on their sledge some dried fish for sale at Swapavara. I have spoken to you about the Reindeer, without having given you a description of that animal. 'Tis but reasonable, therefore, that I should now proceed to gratify your curiosity.

Rheen is a Swedish word, by which it has been distinguished, either on account of its neatness or of its swiftness; for Rhen signifies neat; and Grenna means to run, in that language. The Romans were totally ignorant of this animal, and the modern latins called it Rangifer. I cannot give you any other reason for this, than that the Swedes formerly called it Rangi, to which the word Fera was added, as if they had said, the animal called Rangi. Although I do not wish to say that the horns of this animal, which shoot out in the form of large branches, have led them to give it this appellation, for in that case they would rather have called it Ranifer than Rangifer; whatever may be in this, one thing is certain, that, altho' this animal is almost like a stag, it differs from it in some respects. The Reindeer is larger, but the horns are totally different; they rise to a great height, and become crooked in the middle, forming a kind of circle round the head, which is covered with hair from top to bottom, of the colour of the skin, and is full of blood throughout, so that if it is hard pressed by the hand, the animal shows by its conduct, that it feels pain in that part. But that which this animal has in particular to distinguish it from all others, is the great quantity of horns with which nature has provided them, for their defence against wild beasts.

The stag has only two horns, from which sprout a number of sharp points; but the Reindeer has another in the centre of the forehead, which produces the same appearance with that which has been painted on the head of the Unicorn, besides two others, which branch over the eyes, and fall upon the mouth. But all these branches spring from one root, although they take different roads, and assume different figures, which gives them so much uneasiness, that they can with difficulty graze, which induces them rather to feed upon the buds of trees, which they are able to seize with less difficulty.

The colour of their hair is blacker than that of the stag, particularly when they are young; and at that time they are almost as black as the wild Reindeer, which are always larger, stronger and blacker than those which are tamed.

Although their limbs are not so slender as those of the stag, they, nevertheless, surpass it in swiftness; their feet are much serrated, and almost round; but that which is most remarkable in the animal is, that all its bones, and particularly the joints of the feet, creak as if one was breaking nuts, and they make a noise so loud, that one can hear this animal almost as great a distance as one can see it.

Lapland nourishes no other domestic animal than the Reindeer; but in this creature as many useful qualities are found, as are to be met with in all those which we possess. They throw away no part of it; but make use of the hair, the skin, the flesh, the bone, the marrow, the blood, the nerves.

The skin serves to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, and in winter, they wear it covered with its hair, while in summer, they put on another from which it has been removed. The flesh of this animal is full of sap, fat, and extremely nourishing; and the Laplanders never eat any other flesh than that of the Reindeer; its bones are of astonishing use to them for making their cross-bows and bows, as well as for arming their arrows, for making their spoons,

and for adorning everything they make.— Its tongue, and the marrow of its bones are their greatest delicacies ; and lovers carry these parts to their mistresses as the most valuable presents, which are usually accompanied by the flesh of the bear and the castor. They have no other thread than that which they draw from the nerves of the animal, and which they extract from its cheeks ; they use the finest to sew their clothes with ; and the coarsest to join the planks of their barks. But not only does the Reindeer furnish the Laplanders with food and clothing, it also affords them drink : the milk of the Reindeer is the only beverage they possess ; and because it is extremely fat, and quite thick, they are obliged to mix it with nearly an equal quantity of water ; they only draw a gallon of milk daily from the best Reindeer—they make very nutritious cheese from it, and the poor inhabitants, who cannot afford to kill a deer for its flesh, live on nothing else than its cheese.

The most ordinary food of the Reindeer consists of a little white moss, extremely fine, which grows in abundance throughout Lapland, and when the earth is wholly covered with snow, nature has imparted to these animals an instinct which enables them to know the place where it is to be found under the snow ; and whenever they discover it they make a large opening in the snow with their forefeet, which they do with a surprising swiftness ; but when the cold has so hardened the snow, that it becomes ice itself, the deer then eat a certain moss, like a spider's web, which hangs from the pine-tree, and which the Laplanders call *luat*.

#### THE REGICIDE JUDGES. GOFFE AND WHALLEY.

SELECTED FROM PREST. DWIGHT'S TRAVELS.

(For the Amer. Penny Magazine.)

In Hadley, (Mass.) resided for fifteen years the celebrated regicides, Goffe and Whalley. They came hither in the year 1654 ; lived in the house of the Rev. Mr. Russell, the Minister. Whalley died in his house. Many years afterwards, the house was taken down by Mr. Gaylord, the proprietor ; and the bones of Whalley were

found buried just without the cellar wall, in a kind of a tomb, formed of mason work, and covered with flags of hewn stone. After his decease, Goffe quitted Hadley, went into Connecticut, and afterwards, according to tradition, to the neighborhood of New York. Here he is said to have lived some time, and the better to disguise himself, to have carried vegetables at times to market. It is said, that, having been discovered there, he retired secretly to the colony of Rhode Island, and there lived with a son of Whalley the remainder of his life.

The following story has been traditionally conveyed down among the inhabitants of Hadley.

In the course of Phillip's war, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New England, and among others those in the neighborhood of this town ; the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the 1st of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms, which, according to the custom of the times, they carried with them to the church ; and rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic, under which they began the conflict, was however so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this moment, an ancient man with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely different from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head ; and with a firm voice, and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended the stranger disappeared, and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential ; the appearance, and the retreat of him who furnished it, were so unaccountable ; his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, his interference so decisive ; that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel sent by Heaven, for their preservation. Nor was this question seriously controverted, until it was discovered that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe.



**Americans and Italians.**

Here are two names which, we sincerely hope, and strongly believe, are hereafter to be often coupled together. They belong to two nations whose mutual interests most imperatively demand a close, hearty, speedy and inseparable union. With feelings of a somewhat peculiar description we have written them together at the head of this paper; and now survey them with interest in their juxtaposition. Oh, may we see our own people soon waken to a just sense of the relative character and position, the wants and the capacities of the Italians, rising to extend to them that right hand of fellowship which has been too long withheld, and entering upon that course of co-operation in which they may accomplish so much.

A hearty, warm and active combination between us,—how many objects and inducements recommend and even require it! What nation on the face of the earth has been more distinguished in ancient times, by its supremacy in power and intellectual superiority, by the remnants of its literature in our hands, or by its severe and prolonged sufferings? For centuries the mistress of the world, with a long list of sons distinguished for learning; and the diffusion of civilization as some amends for the cruel and oppressive acts too often perpetrated by her rulers, she has since passed through an appalling series of sufferings, almost uninterrupted in fifteen hundred years. If there be any people who have a strong claim on the sympathy of a generous heart, if oppression and cruel tyranny, mental as well as physical, has any appeal to make, that appeal must be made, that claim must be presented by Italy.

*Lost their Way.*—A company of the Oregon emigrants, consisting of twenty-two wagons, have entirely missed their way, and have got near the mouth of the Yellow Stone. The company was from Iowa, and crossed at the Council Bluffs. They left the settlement without a pilot, with the hope of following in the trail of the main companies which left that place. The traders report them without provisions sufficient to prosecute their journey, and barely enough to return.

**JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.****The Catskill Mountains.***A little Girl's Composition.*

As the traveller proceeds, he decries the Catskill Mountains rising in the distance, and bounding the view on the north and west, for a number of miles. They approach the river no nearer than 8 miles; at some places receding 15 or 20. The excursion to the mountain may be performed in one day; though two or three may be very pleasantly spent in exploring the surrounding scenery. There is a very large and neat hotel built at the Pine Orchard, some distance below one of the peaks, which is about 3000 feet above the level of the river. It may be ascended in private carriages or in a stage coach, which goes and returns regularly every day. The traveler takes the coach at Catskill, and proceeds to the Pine Orchard, passing a small inn. At the distance of 7 miles begins the ascent, surmounted by a road which affords much wild scenery, with an occasional glimpse of the surrounding country. Five miles of such traveling will bring you to the Pine Orchard. This is an elevated plain, scattered over with forest trees, and furnished with a large and commodious house for the accommodation of travelers. The Hudson is seen winding through its verdant valley, its banks scattered with little cottages and hamlets. Immediately below is a ridge of uncultivated mountains, forming a striking contrast with the high cultivation of the surrounding country.

**METALS--No. 6.****MERCURY OR QUICKSILVER.**

This is a metal the children all know.—They will surely get acquainted with it, if you will only let them. They think it curious and pretty, and will play with it, and ask questions about it, and never forget it as long as they live.

Quicksilver is heavy, and has a bright metallic lustre; and those are the only *external properties* it has like other metals. It is the only one which will *run*, that is, the only one that is fluid at the common temperature of the atmosphere. It can be made hard, by being made very cold indeed; and then it is malleable.

I hardly need tell children how to play with it. They know that when they press a little of it in their hand with one finger, it separates into many little bright balls, like silver beads, which will roll about, and when they come together, join again as before.—They know too, that if they let it run out and

fall on the floor, it is almost impossible to get it up or find it all. But I should tell young people never to put quicksilver into their mouths, nor to drop it into food, nor to hold it long in their hands, and to clean them well after handling it, because it is *poison*.

It is used in several ways for medicine, and is mixed, or amalgated with tin, as I have said before, to cover looking-glasses.

It is used also in getting gold from the ore. Gold ore is pounded to dust, sometimes with steam engines, and then put into a wooden tray or trough. Several trays are placed in a row, on the side of a hill, so that water, poured into the first, will slowly run down into the next. Some mercury is put into each of the trays, and they are all kept rocking like a cradle, to bring the gold into contact with the quicksilver, with which it forms a soft mass like paste or pudding.

*Allegorical Picture of Winter.*—The painter Grandville represented it under the figure of an old man on skates, with a leafless sapling for a staff, followed by a man and his wife wrapped in warm garments, and accompanied by a bear and wolf.

*Pens.*—The Russian Emperor Alexander, it is said, had an officer with him during his numerous journies, whose only business it was to make his pens, at a salary of 8,500 francs, nearly \$1,300. He went provided with numerous knives, and bunches of quills, and was always expected to have at least one hundred well made pens on hand, for the Emperor never used the same one a second time.

*Pencils.*—One of the best living poets and statesmen, we are told, keeps by him several dozens of sharpened pencils, that he may be sure of affording the greatest facility to his mind in transferring its ideas to paper. He prefers pencils to pens because they glide more rapidly, and need no replenishing with ink, which would cost time.

## PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

### GOOD SAYINGS AND SHORT MAXIMS.

#### FOR THE USE OF YOUNG MOTHERS.

Rise so early in the morning, that you may be able to secure at least half an hour for reading the Scriptures and prayer before your domestic concerns require your attention. You will find this exercise admirably adapted to prepare and strengthen you to encounter, with a becoming temper and spirit, the trials and vexations of the day.

Accustom your children to make prayers and praise God, the giver and preserver of life, the first employment in the morning

and the last at night. Remember that the duties of a mother are untransferable, therefore, except in cases of unavoidable necessity, never suffer the devotional exercise of your children to be superintended by another.

See that your daughters rise early, and that they employ themselves about such domestic affairs as are suited to their years and capacities.

Never suffer your children to require services from others which they can perform for themselves. A strict observance of this rule will be of incalculable advantage to them through every period of life.

Let all the young members of your family be regularly washed and combed before breakfast.—Never permit them to treat you with so much disrespect as to appear at your table in a slovenly condition. It should ever be remembered that the highest respect which a child can pay is due to its parents. This respect may be insured by forming correct habits in youth.—*Bible Monitor*.

Many mothers need but the knowledge of one very simple fact, to induce them to adopt a plan in their families, which will contribute more than almost any other, to the benefit of their children and their own present and future enjoyment. This is the superintendence and even the direction of their instruction, either in part or in whole, from day to day. That one fact is, that they have the ability to perform the task. Some, it is true, will need information on the manner of beginning and proceeding; some will feel at a loss in the choice of books, the rules to be established, the methods to be adopted or the discipline to be exercised; how to incite to study, how to reward diligence and success. But all these may be learned and put into practice with good results, if the one great obstacle be not in the way: that distrust of one's own abilities, to which we have alluded above.

And here it may be a proper place to invite the parent's attention to one particular point. You cannot expect to obtain a perfect teacher for your children; and you must admit that one of the most indispensable qualifications of a good one is deep and untiring interest in their good. A teacher with a heart filled with genuine love for the child would exert every faculty for its benefit. But where ought such an affec-



tion be looked for if not in the mother? You begin then, with the mainspring of a good instructor already provided. Next, as to the intellectual qualifications. How few professed teachers can you find very thoroughly qualified for their duties, if you fix your standard high? If you fix a low one, of course you can yourself more easily reach it.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Dress of the Mind.*—On Sunday morning before going to Church, what a dressing there is among all classes, and what a stir to be gay and pleasing. It is quite sufficient for the great purpose of our existence, to wash the outside of the platter. Curls may be arranged, fine tortoise shell combs fixed, sparkling ear-rings hung, splendid garments displayed. And yet, perhaps the gay fair one's mind may be poisoned with deceit, troubled with rivalry, and kept on the torture by ignorance and vanity. Windsor soap does not wash out the stain of the heart. Colonge water cannot throw a fragrance over an impure mind, nor will all the rubies of Goiconda dazzle the recording angel into forgetfulness of filling up the leaves of retribution.—[Selected.]

A very valuable oil, it is said, may be extracted from the seed of the pumpkin. When combined with tar it is excellent for the axle trees of carriages. In all the qualities of an oil for painting, it is represented to be superior to linseed. It penetrates the pores of wood, or any other substance to which it is applied better than linseed, and for this reason is preferred as an ingredient in the composition of paint. The oil is excellent for the lamp, giving a brilliant flame without the offensive smell of the spermaceti. The product is at the rate of six gallons of oil to nine bushels of seed.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

*Growth of Providence, R. I.*—It is probable the number of inhabitants will be found to exceed *thirty thousand*, being an increase of about 7000, or thirty per cent. since the census of 1840. The increase of buildings has been proportionally great.—*Providence Journal.*

*Dependence upon the North.*—A writer in the *Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel*, speaking of the dependence of the South upon the North for many of the necessities and comforts of life, thus graphically sums up the various items of our indebtedness:

"They build our houses, they adorn them with furniture, and supply them with every comfort and convenience of which we have ever conjectured. They educate our children, and cover our nakedness from head to foot, with hats and shoes, coats and shirts—we eat their flour, cheese, butter, apples, codfish, potatoes, pickles, pork and onions—we feed our cattle with their hay, drive their horses in their harness to their carriages, with their whips—we walk with their sticks, ride on their saddles, write on their paper, wash with their soap, scrub with their brushes, sweep with their brooms, milk in their pails, cook in their pots, strike with their hammers, blow with their bellows, cut with their axes, sow with their seed, reap with their hooks, pull with their leather, whitewash with their lime, paint with their paint, march by their tunes, read by their light, drink their Congress water and rum, smoke their segars—and last and best of all these blessings, we marry their pretty girls, who make the best of wives."

This is a heavy account of dependence, but it is mostly true. What a field then lies all around us for domestic industry, and what an independent and wealthy country might this be if only this field for enterprise were fitted up simply to supply our own wants!—*Mobile Her. & Trib.*

#### A Republic of Crows.

FROM ALI BEY'S TRAVELS IN MOROCCO.

In a wood of palm trees between Semalalia and Morocco, there is a kind of republic of crows, whose manners are very curious. Every morning at break of day, they separate on all sides, in order to fetch provisions from a great distance, and not one of them remains on the trees, or in the neighborhood. Towards evening they all return, and assemble in thousands in the wood, when they sit together on the boughs of the palm trees, making such a noise as if they were relating to each other the expeditions of the day. This I have observed during winter and summer; but notwithstanding every attention, I have not been able to observe any crows with red legs, which some travellers and naturalists pretend to have seen.

If a man be lazy, he must be poor; yet the greatest grumblers about the hard times are a set of lazy loungers who are fed by the industry of their wives, and clothed by the provisions of the insolvent laws. There should be a tax levied upon this class, and they should be work it out upon the highways with free negroes for their overseers.—*South. Paper.*

## POETRY.

## THE STARRY NIGHT.

Sublime, magnificent, the vault of night,  
Whose splendid Orbs since time began have  
roll'd;  
Chaldean Magi watched their twinkling light,  
Their names assigned them, and their places  
told.

The Sage in wonder, admiration lost,  
Beheld unfolded the stupendous plan  
Of Him, who while He rules the Heavenly  
Host,  
Still bends an eye beneficent on man.

And can the mind, by majesty unawed,  
This scene sublime, magnificent survey,  
And not acknowledge Him creation's Lord,  
Whom all these suns, with all their worlds,  
adore.

Perish the daring thought, that would disown  
A Providence supreme, o'errules our fate;  
The impious pride Jehovah would dethrone,  
And the immortal Soul annihilate.

Newton.

M. A.

From Arthur's Magazine.

## MY COUNTRY.

My country! O my country!  
I have heard thy glory long;  
And a host of pleasant memories  
Thy storied annals throng,  
Thy mountains tower in stately pride,  
In gorgeous beauty drest;  
But thy noble hearts, and happy homes,  
Are more than all the rest.

My country! O my country!  
In the morning of thy day,  
Dark clouds were gathered o'er thee,  
And their shade was on thy way;  
But the sunshine of the spirit,  
Was upon thy children still,  
And the storm-clouds might not weaken  
The strong and upright will.

In thy valleys—midst thy waters—  
A silent spell was wrought,  
And thy mountains—forest-garlanded  
A gleam of glory caught;  
From every lovely, leafy glade,  
From every breeze-rock'd tree,  
Came a voice of thrilling majesty,  
"We will—we will be free."

Not the dower—nor the glory,  
Of the mother-land was thine;  
Not the castled rock, the fortress'd steep,  
Where glittering armies shine;  
But the ardent strength of faithfulness,  
And the power that dwells within,  
And the love, the faithful living stone,  
That never fails to win.

My country! O, my country!  
Thy sun is rising yet,  
And a crown of glorious jewels  
On thy forehead shall be set;  
Be thy power the might of goodness,  
And the truth thy stainless sword;  
"For happy is that people,  
Whose God shall be the Lord."

*Death of a Venerable Man.*—Henry Seeber, died on the 15th ult., at German Flats, N. Y., aged ONE HUNDRED AND ONE YEARS AND TWO MONTHS. Mr. Seeber was born at Indian Castle, Tryon county, N. Y. on the 15th March, 1741. He served in the old French war, and at the commencement of the revolution enlisted in his country's service. He was at the memorable battle of Oriskany, under General Herkimer, in which engagement he received three wounds, one by a ball which lodged in his thigh, and the removal of which was deemed inadvisable by the surgeon. This ball he carried with him to his grave.

*British Town Missionary Society.*—The object of this society is to employ agents to read the Scriptures to the poorer classes in the towns and villages throughout the country. The society had been the means of originating 52 missions, employing 120 missionaries.

*NEW DISCOVERY.*—A Mr. Ransome, of Ipswich, England, has discovered a process for rendering stone or marble perfectly soft and malleable, so that it may be cast in moulds, etc., and afterwards returned to its original hardness.

## THE AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE

AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Edited by Theodore Dwight, Jr.

Is published weekly, at the office of the New York Express, No. 112 Broadway, at 3 cents a number, (16 pages large octavo,) or, to subscribers receiving it by mail, and paying in advance, \$1 a year. The postage is now *Free* for this city, Brooklyn, Harlem, Newark, and all other places within 30 miles; only *one cent* a copy for other parts of the State, and other places within 100 miles; and 1 1-2 cents for other parts of the Union. Persons forwarding the money for five copies, will receive a sixth gratis. Editors known to have published this advertisement, with an editorial notice of the work, will be supplied with it for one year. The work will form a volume of 832 pages annually.

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